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## MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

### AUTUMN. ALISON.

There is an "even tide" in the year  
 —a season, as we now witness, when  
 the sun withdraws his propitious light—  
 when the winds arise, and the leaves  
 fall, and nature around us seems to sink  
 into decay. It is said, in general to be  
 the season of melancholy; and if by this  
 word be meant that it is the time of sol-  
 emn and of serious thought, it is un-  
 doubtedly the season of melancholy;—  
 yet, it is a melancholy so soothing so  
 gentle in its approach, and so prophetic  
 in its influence, that they, who have  
 known it, feel, as if instinctively, that it  
 is the doing of God, and that the heart  
 of man is not thus finely touched, but to  
 fine issues.

It is a season, which tends to wean  
 us from the passions of the world. Every  
 passion, however base or unworthy,  
 is yet eloquent. It speaks to us of present  
 enjoyment;—it tells us of what men  
 have done, and what men may do, and  
 it supports us every where by the ex-  
 ample of many round us. When we  
 go out into the fields in the evening of  
 the year, a different voice approaches us.  
 We regard, even in spite of ourselves,  
 the still but steady advances of time.

A few days ago, and the summer of  
 the year was grateful, and every element  
 was filled with life, and the sun of  
 Heaven seemed to glory in his ascend-  
 ant. He is now enfeebled in his power;  
 the desert no more "blossoms like  
 the rose;" the song of joy is no more  
 heard among the branches; and the  
 earth is strewn with that foliage which  
 once bespoke the magnificence of sum-  
 mer. Whatever may be the passions  
 which society has awakened, we pause  
 amid this apparent desolation of nature.

We sit down in the lodge "of the way-  
 faring man in the wilderness," and we  
 feel that all we witness is the emblem  
 of our own fate. Such also, in a few  
 years will be our own condition. The  
 blossoms of our spring—the pride of our  
 summer will also fade into decay;—and  
 the pulse that now beats high with vic-  
 tuous or with vicious desire, will gradu-  
 ally sink, and then must stop forever.

We rise from our meditations with  
 hearts softened and subdued, and we re-  
 turn into life as into a shadowy scene,  
 where we have "disquieted ourselves  
 in vain." Such is the first impression  
 which the present scene of nature is fit-  
 ted to make upon us. It is this first im-  
 pression which intimidates the thought-  
 less and the gay; and, indeed, if there  
 were no other reflections that followed,  
 I know not that it would be the business  
 of wisdom to recommend such medita-  
 tions. It is the consequences, however,  
 of such previous thoughts, which are  
 chiefly valuable; and among these there  
 are two which may well deserve our  
 considerations.

It is the peculiar character of the  
 melancholy which such seasons excite,  
 that it is general. It is not an individ-  
 ual remonstrance;—it is not the harsh  
 language of human wisdom, which too  
 often insults, while it instructs us.—  
 When the winds of autumn sigh around  
 us, their voice speaks not to us only,  
 but to our kind; and the lesson they  
 teach us is not that we alone decay, but  
 that such also is the fate of all the gen-  
 erations of man.—"They are the green  
 leaves of the tree of the desert; which  
 perish and are renewed."

In such a sentiment there is a kind of  
 sublimity mingled with its melancholy;  
 our tears fall, but they fall not for our-  
 selves;—and although the train of our  
 thoughts may have begun with the self-  
 ishness of our own concerns, we feel  
 that, by the ministry of some mysterious  
 power, they end in awakening our con-  
 cern for every being that lives. Yet a  
 few years, we think, and all that now  
 bless, or all that now convulse humanity  
 will also have perished. The mightiest  
 pageantry of life will pass,—the loudest  
 notes of triumph or of conquest will be  
 silent in the grave;—the wicked, where-  
 ever active, "will cease from trou-  
 bling," and the weary, wherever suffer-  
 ing, "will be at rest."

Under an impression so profound, we  
 feel our own hearts better. The cares,  
 the animosities, the hatreds which soci-  
 ety may have engendered sink unper-  
 ceived from our bosoms. In the gener-  
 al desolation of nature, we feel the lit-  
 tleness of our own passions,—we look  
 forward to that kindred evening which  
 time must bring to all;—we anticipate  
 the graves of those we hate, as of those  
 we love. Every unkind passion falls,  
 with leaves that fall around us; and we  
 return slowly to our homes, and to the  
 society which surrounds us, with the  
 wish only to enlighten or to bless them.

If there were no other effects of such  
 appearances of nature upon our minds,  
 they would be still valuable, they would

teach us humility,—and with it they  
 would teach us charity. In the same  
 hour in which they taught us our own  
 fragility, they would teach us commisera-  
 tion for the whole family of man. But  
 there is a farther sentiment which such  
 scenes inspire, more valuable than all;  
 and we know little the designs of Provi-  
 dence, when we do not yield ourselves  
 in such hours to the beneficent instincts  
 of our imagination.

It is the unvarying character of na-  
 ture, amid all its scenes, to lead us at  
 last to its Author; and it is for this final  
 end that all its varieties have such domi-  
 nion upon our minds. We are led by the  
 appearances of spring to see his bounty;  
 and we are led by the splend-  
 ors of summer, to see his greatness. In  
 the present hours, we are led to a higher  
 sentiment; and, what is more remark-  
 able, the very circumstances of mel-  
 ancholy are those which guide us most  
 securely to put our trust in him.

We are witnessing the decay of the  
 year;—we go back in imagination, and  
 find that such, in every generation, has  
 been the fate of man;—we look for-  
 ward, and we see that to such ends all  
 must come at last;—we lift our de-  
 ponding eyes in search of comfort, and  
 we see above us, One, "who is ever the  
 same, and to whose years there is no  
 end." Amid the vicissitudes of nature,  
 we discover that central majesty "in  
 whom there is no variableness nor shad-  
 ow of turning." We feel that there is a  
 God; and from the tempestuous sea of  
 life, we hail that polar star of nature,  
 to which a sacred instinct had directed  
 our eyes, and which burns with unde-  
 caying ray to lighten us among all the  
 darkness of the deep.

From this great conviction, there is  
 another sentiment which succeeds. Na-  
 ture, indeed, yearly perishes; but it is  
 yearly renewed. Amid all its changes,  
 the immortal spirit of Him that made it  
 remains; and the same sun which now  
 marks with his receding ray the autumn  
 of the year, will again arise in his bright-  
 ness, and bring along with him the  
 promise of the spring, and all the mag-  
 nificence of summer.

Under such convictions, hope dawns  
 upon the sadness of the heart. The  
 melancholy of decay becomes the very  
 herald of renewal;—the magnificent cir-  
 cle of nature opens upon our view;—  
 we anticipate the analogous resurrection  
 of our being;—we see beyond the grave  
 a greater spring, and we people it with  
 those who have given joy to that which  
 is passed. With such final impressions  
 we submit ourselves gladly to the desti-  
 ny of our being. While the sun of mor-  
 tality sinks, we hail the rising of the  
 Sun of Righteousness, and in hours when  
 all the honors of nature are perishing  
 around us, we prostrate ourselves in  
 deeper adoration before Him who "sit-  
 teth upon his throne."

Let, then, the young go out, in these  
 hours, under the descending sun of the  
 year, into the fields of nature. Their  
 hearts are now ardent with hope,—with  
 the hopes of fame, of honor, or of hap-  
 piness! and in the long perspective  
 which is before them, their imagination  
 creates a world where all may be en-  
 joyed. Let the scenes which they now  
 may witness, moderate, but not extin-  
 guish their ambition;—while they see  
 the yearly desolation of nature, let them  
 see it as the emblem of mortal hope;—  
 while they feel the disproportion be-  
 tween the powers they possess, and the  
 time they are to be employed, let them  
 carry their ambitious eye beyond the  
 world;—and while, in these sacred sol-  
 itudes, a voice in their own bosom cor-  
 responds to the voice of decaying na-  
 ture, let them take that high decision  
 which becomes those who feel them-  
 selves the inhabitants of a greater  
 world, and who look to a being incapa-  
 ble of decay.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE GOLDEN CRUCIFIX.

BY M. FLORIAN.

One beautiful moonlight night, in the  
 midst of summer, an aged gentleman  
 was returning with his family, from a  
 walk in the neighborhood of Toledo.  
 His wife and he walked arm in arm;  
 they were accompanied by their daugh-  
 ter, who was about seventeen, and by a  
 female servant their only domestic.—  
 The gentleman, who was of a decayed  
 family, but of the most exemplary char-  
 acter, was named Don Carlos; his wife,  
 named Donna Maria; and his daughter,  
 whose figure was charming but her mind  
 still more beautiful, was named Leucadea.  
 At this instant, appeared a young  
 cavalier, who was going to the prome-  
 nade.—His name was Rodolpho; he was  
 one of those dissipated characters, who  
 imagine that noble birth and a rich in-  
 heritance are sufficient to dispense with

virtuous sentiments and regulated con-  
 duct. He had just quitted the table;  
 he was encircled by his libertine com-  
 panions; and heated, like them with  
 wine. They soon came near Don Car-  
 los and his family. It was like the re-  
 counter of wolves with a flock of sheep.  
 They stopped; they looked with an air  
 of insolence on the good mother and her  
 daughter. One of them proceeded to  
 familiarities with the servant. The  
 aged gentleman interfering, was insult-  
 ed. With a trembling hand, he drew  
 his sword. Rodolpho, laughing, disarm-  
 ed him; seized the helpless Leucadea;  
 and forcibly carried her towards the  
 city, escorted by his guilty companions.

While Don Carlos was uttering im-  
 precations against these gay ruffians,  
 Donna Maria screaming with terror, and  
 the servant in a state of distraction, the  
 unfortunate Leucadea was in a swoon in  
 the arms of her ravisher; who, having  
 reached his own house, opened a pri-  
 vate door, dismissed his friends, and car-  
 ried his victim into his own apartment.  
 He entered without a light, and without  
 being seen by his servants. He shut  
 the door; and, before Leucadea recov-  
 ered her senses, completed the greatest  
 crime which intoxication and brutality  
 can suggest.

Rodolpho, without answering a word,  
 left her chamber, shut the door, and  
 hastened, no doubt, to be certain that  
 no person in the house, or in the street,  
 could oppose the execution of his design.  
 He was no sooner gone than Leucadea  
 rose, went to one side of the room, and  
 feeling about, found a window, the shut-  
 ters of which she opened, determined to  
 throw herself out of it. She was pre-  
 vented by a strong lattice, through  
 which the moon, in all her splendor, il-  
 luminated the apartment. Leucadea  
 stood motionless, a prey to her reflec-  
 tions; then looking round her, she care-  
 fully examined every thing in the room,  
 the furniture, the pictures, the tapestry,  
 and perceiving a crucifix of gold on an  
 oratory, she took it, and concealed it in  
 her bosom; then shutting the window,  
 she waited in darkness, for the barba-  
 rian who was to decide her fate.—He  
 returned; he was alone, and still with-  
 out a light. He approached Leucadea,  
 blindfolded her with an handkerchief,  
 took her by the hand without speaking,  
 and, without her daring to utter a word,  
 brought her into the street. After a var-  
 iety of turnings, he stopped with her  
 near the great church.—Here he quit-  
 ted her, and hastily retired.

It was some time before Leucadea  
 could venture to remove the handker-  
 chief that blinded her. At last, not  
 hearing the least noise, she took it off,  
 and found herself near the Cathedral.  
 Her first idea was to fall on her hands  
 and knees, and address a fervent pray-  
 er to God. She then rose, and with  
 trembling steps returned towards her  
 father's house. The unhappy father,  
 and his inconsolable wife, were at this  
 instance lamenting their lost daughter.  
 They heard a knock! Don Carlos ran to  
 the door, and opening it, beheld Leu-  
 cadea; he clasped her in his arms, with  
 an exclamation of indescribable joy.—  
 The mother hastened to this affecting  
 scene; she flung herself into the arms  
 of her daughter; both embraced, both  
 spoke to her at once; they called her  
 their beloved child, their only joy, the  
 sole support of their declining years.—  
 They bedewed her cheek with tears;  
 they asked and repeated a thousand ques-  
 tions? and allowed her not a moment to  
 answer them.

Leucadea, after the first tender emo-  
 tions were over, threw herself at her  
 father's feet, and with downcast eyes,  
 and blushing face, related what had hap-  
 pened. Overpowered by her feelings,  
 she was scarcely able to finish the mel-  
 ancholy recital. The aged father raised  
 her up, and folded her to his bosom;  
 "My dear daughter," he said, "gullit  
 alone constitutes dishonor, and thou art  
 innocent. Interrogate thy conscience;  
 can it reproach thee with one improper  
 thought, or one word or action unbecom-  
 ing the sex? No, my beloved daugh-  
 ter, thou art still my virtuous Leucadea;  
 my paternal heart loves and respects  
 thee, to a greater degree, perhaps, than  
 before thy misfortunes."

Leucadea, comforted by these assu-  
 rances, could now lift up her eyes to her  
 father. She shewed him the crucifix,  
 which she had taken away, in the hope  
 that it might one day enable her to dis-  
 cover her ravisher. Don Carlos took  
 the crucifix, which he contemplated  
 some time in silence, the tears bedew-  
 ing his cheeks. What were his emo-  
 tions none but a paternal heart can con-  
 ceive. When he found some utterance, his  
 expressions breathed the deep felt sensi-  
 bility of wounded honor—of an injury  
 received in the dearest part of myself.  
 His emotions pointed, with deeper an-

guish, the grief of Leucadea. The good  
 Donna Maria, at length, somewhat calm-  
 ed his mind; she took the crucifix from  
 him; and the unhappy father, himself,  
 endeavored to forget his anger, that he  
 might again go and comfort his daugh-  
 ter.

After some days, spent in tears, the  
 unfortunate Leucadea recovered in some  
 measure, her peace of mind; but she  
 never left the house; as if apprehen-  
 sive that every one she met would read  
 her dishonor in her countenance. Her  
 parents could with difficulty prevail on  
 her to preserve a life that she now con-  
 sidered insupportable. For many days  
 she would scarcely take any nourish-  
 ment.—Her affection, however, for her  
 parents, and a sense of important duties  
 that would result from her new situa-  
 tion as a mother, at last induced her to  
 acquiesce with resignation in her mel-  
 ancholy lot. As soon as the expected  
 period approached, Don Carlos and his  
 wife hired a small country-house, to  
 which they retired without any servants.  
 Even the assistance of a midwife was  
 not called for; that office was perform-  
 ed by Donna Maria herself. Leucadea  
 was delivered of a beautiful boy. He  
 was carried to the baptismal font by Don  
 Carlos who gave him his own name.—  
 Leucadea, who had looked forward to  
 her new situation with anguish, now  
 felt all the force of maternal tenderness;  
 and the sight of her son became even  
 so necessary to existence, that it was  
 determined to keep him in the house;  
 and to make him pass for the great-  
 nephew of Don Carlos. The family  
 returned to Toledo, where no one had  
 suspected the motive of their absence.  
 The adventure of Rodolpho was un-  
 known. He had left his native city soon  
 after, for Naples; and Leucadea, univer-  
 sally respected and beloved, enjoyed the  
 happiness of the maternal state, with  
 the honors due to the character of the  
 most exemplary virgin.

The little Carlos grew apace, and  
 became more charming every day. His  
 understanding, his manners, were be-  
 yond the age, which was not more than  
 seven years. One day, when there was  
 to be a great bull fight, he stood at the  
 door of the house, in order to see the  
 young cavaliers, who were going to  
 fight the bull. He was alone; he wanted  
 to cross the street, to see a party of  
 them who were coming on the opposite  
 side; in an instant, one of the horses  
 run away with the rider, and rode over  
 the poor child, who lay prostrate on the  
 pavement, screaming, and weltering in  
 the blood which flowed from a wound in  
 his head. The people crowded round  
 him; and, on a sudden, a venerable gen-  
 tleman, followed by a number of ser-  
 vants, who were attending him to the  
 bull fight, saw the child, ran to him, took  
 him in his arms; kissed him; wiped the  
 blood from his face; sent one of his ser-  
 vants for the best surgeon in the city, and  
 hastening through the crowd, took the  
 child to his own house.

Don Carlos, and his wife and daugh-  
 ter, soon heard of the accident. The  
 latter ran into the street, like a distract-  
 ed person, crying out for her son. Her  
 father with difficulty followed her; en-  
 treating her, in vain, not to call him her  
 son. Every one pitied them; and told  
 them the way which the old gentleman  
 had taken. They ran, they flew to his  
 house. They were conducted to the  
 chamber where the child was already  
 under the surgeon's hands. Leucadea  
 arrived the first; she flew to her child;  
 she pressed him to her bosom, bedew-  
 ed him with tears of joy, and desired  
 to see the wound. The sweet boy, who  
 still crying began to smile, the moment  
 he saw his mother—he caressed her in  
 his wonted way, and assured her he was  
 not ill. The surgeon examined the  
 wound, and pronounced it not danger-  
 ous. Leucadea made him repeat it a  
 hundred times, while Don Carlos and  
 his wife returned thanks to the gentle-  
 man for his humanity, telling him that  
 the child was their great nephew; and  
 endeavored to excuse the extreme af-  
 fection which their daughter evinced  
 for him.

When the surgeon had retired, Leu-  
 cadea still sat on the bedside, and look-  
 ing round the room, what was her sur-  
 prise in recollecting the same furniture,  
 the same pictures, which she had eight  
 years before observed by the light of the  
 moon! She beheld the same oratory from  
 which she had taken the crucifix; the ta-  
 pestry was the same, not a single article  
 was changed. Leucadea had not a doubt  
 that she was in the house, in the very  
 chamber, to which her ravisher had  
 conveyed her. She was thunder-struck  
 at this sight; paleness overspread her  
 face, it was succeeded by a glow-flush;  
 and she fainted away. Every one flew  
 to her assistance; and she was convey-  
 ed to her own house. Don Carlos

would have brought the child away?  
 but the humane and hospitable gentle-  
 man opposed it, entreating that they  
 would not leave him till he was perfect-  
 ly cured. Don Carlos, intent on his  
 daughter, yielded to these entreaties,  
 and returned to his own house.

The moment they were alone, Leu-  
 cadea disclosed what she had seen, and  
 assured her parents that this was the  
 house to which her ravisher had carried  
 her. Don Carlos determined immedi-  
 ately to procure every information con-  
 cerning a person, who was now so very  
 interesting to him. He knew already  
 that the name of the humane gentle-  
 man was Don Diego de Santelana; he  
 soon learned that his only son was named  
 Rodolpho; that this son had been at  
 Naples nearly seven years; and that  
 his residence in Italy, it was said, had  
 rendered him as prudent and regular, as  
 he had before been wild and disorderly.  
 It was added, that this young man was  
 the most handsome and accomplished in  
 the city; and that he would have one of  
 the greatest fortunes in Castille.

Don Carlos related this information  
 to his wife and daughter. They could  
 not doubt that this Rodolpho was the  
 person who had dishonored Leucadea,  
 but was it possible to suppose that he  
 would repair the outrage, by giving his  
 hand to a young lady, of a noble family,  
 indeed, but almost without a fortune?  
 Don Carlos could not conceive it possi-  
 ble, and was already meditating ven-  
 geance. Leucadea entreated him to  
 leave the management of this affair to  
 her. Her father had some difficulty to  
 grant this request; but he yielded at  
 last to her pressing entreaties, and Leu-  
 cadea became more composed. She re-  
 flected maturely on the steps she ought  
 to take. Her son was still at Don Die-  
 go's, and treated by that good man with  
 the utmost tenderness.—His wound was  
 cured, and his mother, Don Carlos, and  
 Donna Maria spent whole days with the  
 amiable boy.

One day that Leucadea was alone  
 with Don Diego, while this good man  
 held little Carlos in his arms, while he  
 kissed him, caressed him, and spoke  
 with complacency of the warm and ten-  
 der partiality that attached him to the  
 child. Leucadea could not refrain from  
 tears, and endeavored in vain to conceal  
 them. Don Diego inquired why she  
 was so much affected, with such an ear-  
 nestness of sympathy and friendship,  
 that Leucadea, at last, with downcast  
 eyes, and sobbing, related what had hap-  
 pened in his house, shewed him the  
 crucifix, which Don Diego knew; and  
 concluded by throwing herself at his  
 feet;—"Your son has dishonored me,"  
 said she, "devoted me to infamy and  
 wretchedness, and I cannot forbear to  
 love you as the most affectionate of fa-  
 thers." The little Carlos who beheld  
 Leucadea weeping fell on his knees like-  
 wise, extending his arms to Don Diego,  
 and entreated him not to afflict his good  
 cousin; for by that name he called his  
 mother.

Don Diego could not be unmoved at  
 this affecting scene. He raised Leucadea  
 and her son, embraced them, and swore  
 that Rodolpho should never have any  
 other wife than Leucadea. That very  
 day, he wrote to Rodolpho requiring his  
 immediate return to Toledo, where he  
 had found a suitable match for him—  
 Rodolpho left Naples, and arrived at his  
 father's house. It had been previously  
 agreed that Leucadea and her parents  
 should not be present at his arrival.

After the first moments he devoted to  
 the pleasure of this interview, Don Die-  
 go introduced the subject to the match;  
 which, he said, he had provided him.—  
 He expatiated on the riches of his in-  
 tended bride, and concluded by present-  
 ing to him a frightful portrait which he  
 had caused to be painted on purpose.—  
 Rodolpho started back with horror, and  
 expostulated with his father on the im-  
 possibility of marrying such a woman.  
 Don Diego, with a severe tone, replied  
 that, in marriage, fortune was the only  
 consideration. Rodolpho, on the other  
 hand, inveighed, with great eloquence,  
 against this principle; representing all  
 the miseries of which it had been the  
 cause, and adding, that his only wish had  
 ever been to find a virtuous and amia-  
 ble wife, on whom he could confer a  
 fortune, and with whom he could enjoy  
 that felicity which riches alone could  
 never give. Don Diego, concealing his  
 joy, affected to combat his son's opinion,  
 when a servant entered to inform him  
 that Don Carlos and his family were  
 come to sup with him.

Never did Leucadea appear so beau-  
 tiful; it seemed as if, by divine permis-  
 sion, her charms were on that evening  
 to appear in all their lustre. She daz-  
 zled the eyes of Rodolpho, who eager-  
 ly inquired who was this charming wo-  
 man. His father pretending not to hear  
 him, hastened to the two ladies, and per-



ceived, with grief, that the face of Leucadea was covered with a deadly paleness, that her hands trembled in his, and that, at the sight of Rodolpho, she was fainting. In spite of her efforts, her fortitude forsook her, and the tender Leucadea sunk senseless on the floor. Rodolpho ran to her assistance with an ardor and anxiety with which his father was inexpressibly delighted. At length Leucadea came to herself, and they all sat down to supper. During this repast, Rodolpho could not forbear for a moment to contemplate the beautiful stranger. She perceived it; but her eyes could not meet his. She spoke but little; but whatever she said had a grace, a fascinating charm, with a certain expression of melancholy that added to the pleasure with which Rodolpho heard every word. The little Carlos, placed near his father never ceased to notice him, as if by any involuntary impulse. He spoke to him: he caressed him; and attracting his attention and tenderness, Rodolpho, delighted with him, said, that the father of such a child might think himself happy.

On rising from the table, Rodolpho, smitten with the charms of Leucadea, took his father aside, and said to him, in a respectful but resolute tone, that no consideration whatever could compell him to marry the person whom that horrid portrait represented. "It must be so, however," answered the father, "unless you can prefer that young lady with whom you have just supped." "That young lady," exclaimed Rodolpho, "I should be the happiest of men if she will condescend to accept my hand!" "And I," returned Don Deigo, "shall be the happiest of fathers, if my son, by this alliance, expiate the crime with which he has sullied his illustrious name." He then related to Rodolpho what he knew; and drawing from his bosom the crucifix of gold; "Behold, my son," said he, "behold the witness of the horrid crime you have committed." Rodolpho blushed at this recital, and flew to throw himself at the feet of Leucadea—"I have deserved," said he, "your hatred and contempt; but if the most respectful love—if the most sincere penitence, are worthy of some favor, do not refuse my pardon. One word from your mouth will render me, for ever, the vilest and most wretched of men, or the happiest and most affectionate of husbands."

Leucadea, her eyes suffused with tears, beheld him for a moment in silence: "This," said she, with a faltering voice, "this is my answer: may this child be the source of as much felicity to you as he has been misery to his mother." A priest was instantly sent for, with an altar and two witnesses; and the wedding took place the same evening. The beautiful Leucadea was rewarded for her filial piety; and Rodolpho, who had been long reformed, had the further satisfaction of finding, that there is no felicity to be compared to that of virtuous love.

#### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

##### FROM LIVERPOOL.

By the packet ship Leeds, Capt. Stoddard, from Liverpool in 28 days, we have received files to the 25th, inclusive. They contain nothing of any great importance.

It had been rumored on Change that a fresh armament was to sail for Lisbon. The Courier denies its truth. The report arose from the fact of two ships having been ordered to Lisbon, to replace the two which had been lately removed.

Mr. T. P. Courtney, M. P. has been spoken of as the new Secretary of the Treasury, in the place of Mr. Herries, who has been made Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The will, with a codicil, of the Right Honorable George Canning, passed under the seal of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury yesterday; the whole is very short, giving the whole property to Mrs. Canning, and appointing her with the Duke of Portland, executors. The effects are sworn to be under £20,000. [For fear that some one may sagaciously conjecture that this statement proves that Mr. Canning died poor, we will just say, that it means that the portion of Mr. Canning's property which comes under the operation of the *Legacy Duty*, amounts only to £20,000. It has no reference to his general property.]

A dreadful fire at Jassy, (the capital of Moldavia) has reduced to ashes one-third of that city. Nearly 800 houses, including the palace of the Hospodar, with the archives were destroyed. The palaces of the Bolands, Bozowan, Ghika, Palladi, Killimacki, &c., almost all the warehouses, 15 churches, including the Metropolitan Church and the Catholic Convent, have fallen a prey to the raging element. The damage is beyond calculation. Up to this moment, above 50 dead bodies have been dug out of the ruins. The prince himself had but just time to escape with his family by a back door. Above 10,000 persons have no roof to shelter them, and wander about in despair. It was only by extraordinary exertions that the residence of the Austrian Agent and that of the Cancelliere, which is near at hand, were saved. Dreadful beyond description, especially when night set in, was the appearance of an extent of 1700 miles, all in flames.

—To these horrors was added the circumstance that it was necessary to release all the malefactors who were in prison, at the dungeon Temnitza, in which they were confined, also caught fire. These wretches, threatened to pillage the remaining part of the city—only the most active exertions of the magistrates and the inhabitants could keep them in check. What a frightful prospect presented itself the following morning, when the sun, appearing as red as blood, rose on the ruins of the unhappy city, and in places which were yesterday the abode of wealth and luxury, we saw only unfortunate wretches crying in despair amid this scene of desolation, or endeavoring to extricate from the rubbish the burnt bodies of their relations.

"At the moment when I close this letter, a part of the city is again in flames. The storm still rages with unabated fury. Omnipotence alone can save us from utter destruction."

Somebody is publishing a collection of Mr. Canning's speeches in 5 volumes. The speeches in the first 3 vols. were corrected by himself.

The last advices from Lisbon, represent the state of that capital as feverish and unsettled. The ebullition of popular feeling, which burst forth on the removal of Saldanha, had subsided, but we may infer that the factious were still alive, from the arrests which continued to take place.

It is with the greatest satisfaction, says a London paper, we announce to the country, that his Grace the Duke of Wellington has accepted his Majesty's gracious offer of the command of the army. The communication, we understand, was conveyed to his Grace (who is now in the country) by the Marquis of Anglesea. The noble Marquis returned last night with his Grace's answer, signifying his acceptance of the proffered dignity.—*Noah's Enquirer*.

The British squadron in the Mediterranean, is composed of three ships of the line, five large frigates, two smaller, five large and eleven small brigs.

A report is spread, that the *Gazette* of Augsburg (the *Allgemeine Zeitung*) has ceased to appear. The last number that we have received, is dated the 13th; we do not find in it any notice which gives reason to believe this news.

Lord Cochrane's vessel, the *Unicorn*, commanded by A. Chrystal, the Admiral's nephew, sailed on the 8th August, from Marseilles for Napoli di Romania.

The Italian Journals announce a general insurrection of the warlike tribes of Epirus. The Turks, harassed by the *Albanians*, have been obliged to fortify towns. There was a report that Ibrahim Pacha had experienced a check at Magashileh.

CONSTANTINOPLE, July 10. It is reported that an English squadron, with 6000 troops on board, is expected in the Mediterranean, to relieve the garrison at Corfu. Last Saturday, the birth-day of the Emperor Nicholas, was celebrated at Bukkadee. The Russian Ambassador, with his family, went on board an armed Russian transport.

The Russian, English, French, Austrian, and Prussian ministers hold frequent conferences, and couriers are daily coming and going. Mr. Huszar, the first Austrian Dragoman, who had but lately arrived from Vienna, has almost daily conferences with the Turkish ministers.

TRIESTE, Aug. 3. We learn by a vessel which has arrived in 24 days from Patras, that the Turkish fleet sailed from that harbor on the 12th of July, to go to Modon, where it was to wait for the Egyptian fleet. Two thousand mules had arrived at Patras, from Albania.

PARIS, Aug. 19. The Courier Francaise, announcing that Col. Gordon, who is on his way from Greece to Scotland, has passed through Paris, adds, that that officer is reported to have given some very unsatisfactory news respecting the affairs of Greece, and, particularly respecting the feelings of the Greeks, who are discouraged. We can make the Courier Francaise, and all the friends of Greece, easy on this head. The news of the treaty of intervention, which is at this time confirmed by all the ratifications, has, on the contrary, restored courage and hope to the Greeks. The troops of Ibrahim, and the Turkish army, no longer undertake any operations.

##### LATEST FROM BRAZIL.

By the *Nymph*, which arrived yesterday from St. Salvador, letters, papers, &c. to Aug. 18, were received. The British vessels of war, *Ganges*, 74, and *Huron*, 18, had arrived there from Rio Janeiro. The latter carried the treaty to Buenos Ayres, and brought back the rejection.

Extract of a letter received at Bahia from Rio Janeiro, dated July 31.

The arrival of *Huron*, from Buenos Ayres, on the 27th inst. gives intelligence of the rejection of the terms proposed to that Government, and consequently has disappointed all our hopes of peace; which, indeed, no reasonable man could have doubted of, had the terms been made public. They seem those of an arbitrary conqueror to a dejected and helpless people, placed in a strong light, the contempt of this Govt. for other nations, and show an imbecility

or ignorance on the part of this Ministry, and that of Mr. Gordon, the Br. Minister, under whose patronage they were tendered, quite unlooked for. The Government and People of B. A. rejected them with indignation, and a change of Administration there immediately took place. Don Manuel Garcia, it is said, was obliged to hide himself from popular fury, and Rivadavia resigned the Presidency, which, it is supposed, will bring about an union of the Provinces. We may expect a vigorous prosecution of the war on their part; and privateers will, we apprehend, entirely close the Coast of Brazil. What course this Court will pursue, we know not; but under their circumstances one would suppose they would immediately accept the best terms they could get, and restore peace to the nation.—This, however, appears not to be thought of, and there is a talk of pushing onward a further equipment of troops, which will probably only tend to exhaust the resources of the Govt. without being sufficiently numerous or effective to turn the tide of fortune, now setting in strongly, against them. The effect of this state of things on our market is most discouraging. There are but limited sales of any thing making; and it is an unfortunate circumstance to be charged with many consignments. There is no security in sales.—Our Bank Paper has depreciated 50 per cent. and there is an absolute want of produce for return—

which, of any description, will not place, at current prices, more than 58 to 60 cts. per dollar in the U. States on cost here. We, consequently, are not in want of imports of any kind. The most abundant in our line, are Wines, Flour and Salt Provisions. Of Flour there are about 13,000 bbls. on hand. Any quotations would be nominal. We do not sell at the rate of 3000 bbls. per month, and the markets at the south, offer no relief to us, although some cargoes must go on, as there is no chance whatever of doing any thing here. The *Phoenix* will go to Rio Grande, with 150 bbls.—several other cargoes are daily looked for from the U. States, and we are possessed with the most gloomy anticipations on the subject of politics, as well as commerce. Our advices from M. Video, are very discouraging for imports, and there is no produce there.

Admiral Pinto Guedes is said to be appointed to the command of all the land & naval forces for the empire, in the South.

THE HORRIBLE TRADE. Communication from a recent officer of rank, employed on the coast of Africa.

"Beau de Baena, April 12, 1837. Yesterday afternoon, after having sent some of my boats into the Calabar river, where I had reason to believe a slaver was on the point of sailing, with a full cargo, a vessel was seen from the royal yard, standing through between Fernando Po and the main land.—Aware that she could be nothing but a slaver I made sail in chase, and though then sun set, I shaped a course so as to cut her off in the night. At one in the morning we got sight of her under a press of sail, but to no effect; for old Nick himself will not escape this daring ship in light winds. It, however, fell calm, when we were about 4 or 5 miles from her, and I directed the boats, well manned and armed, to attack her.—However, no resistance was made, and at two o'clock one of the boats returned to acquaint me of the capture of the *Creole*, a Brazilian brig, with a cargo of three hundred and nine slaves.

The purpose of this letter, my good friend, is not to take up your time with a perusal of my captures, but to make your feeling heart if (possible) more alive than it is to the miseries I have experienced in this slaver, and the torture the unoffending creatures are put to in cold blood, by these execrable villains the Portuguese. In the morning I went on board to see and be a witness to the state the slaves were in. Now, you will bear in mind this vessel is only 85 1-2 tons; that near one hundred men were in chains below, and those chains so rivetted as to take my people a whole afternoon to let the poor creatures breathe the air aloft. The women and girls were (horrid to relate) branded with an iron, at least one inch in length, with the letter B; and several of these marks must have been done even since they were at sea (but two days,) as several of the younger females were weeping from the pain they still suffered; and I was a melancholy witness to the marks, all of them being a sore, and most of them festering, and this, too, not one inch above the breast. The men were marked with the same letter B, but on the arm.

As you are ever on the move in the higher circles, do make this cruelty known, that, if possible, these monsters of wanton depravity may be punished. It is too bad, that after the immense sums of money given to that rascally Portuguese government to suppress the slave trade, such enormities should be suffered. I frightened the beast of a master out of his wits, by getting a red hot iron and putting it close to his cheek; and I verily believe it will have a good effect. I would have given my ears, if I could have branded him with his forehead or cheek.

for the West Indies, and has not yet since been heard from by my informant.—During Mr. O.'s three years residence in this city, he was intimate in the family of the gentleman at Brooklyn, and uniformly attested the truth of his first and only statement, which was at the time supported by a sufficiency of corroborating testimony in this city.

An American gentleman, since dead, residing in this city, was an officer on parole at the time, and was present throughout the whole proceedings, of taking the cash from the pay office, loading the carts, accompanying the guard to the ship, saw the money hoisted on board, and the ship immediately sail.

An old gentleman now living in this city, saw the procession of carts, soldiers, &c. on their way to the ship, and learned, by inquiry at the time, the contents of the carts, and their destination.

A lady now living in this city, saw from the window of a neighboring house, the carts loading at the pay office, on the morning the ship sailed, and was told of the destination of the money, &c.

A gentleman residing near the spot, and now living and occupying the same residence, repaired immediately on the sinking of the ship to Stony Island, and heard the exclamations of the officers and men belonging to the ship, for the loss of the ship and the money!

Mr. Swan, the Pilot on board the *Hussar*, a gentleman who was well known in this city during his life-time, as a man of irreproachable character for veracity, declared, in the most unequivocal language, that the money was on board the *Hussar*, and sunk with her.

The fact we allege was notorious in this city before sunset of the day the *Hussar* sailed. A report of it spread throughout the United States, and has been a subject of conversation until the present time. Counter reports have been industriously circulated, evidently with a view to discourage any attempts to recover the lost treasure.

Several of the thirty missing men, belonging to the *Hussar*, have lived in the United States since that event, and have added their testimony in corroboration of our statement.

In addition to the above, inquiries have been made in England, which have resulted in favor of this opinion. The late Governor Morris, Esq. the proprietor of Stony Island, was in London during the administration of Mr. Pitt, and having contracted an intimacy with that great statesman, he ventured an interrogatory relative to the frigate *Hussar*, and received an evasive answer, which went to confirm his previous opinions.

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Do, my good friend, speak of it to all and every body you think proper; for it is heart-rending to see such cruelty, so barbarously inflicted by those dealers in the human flesh.

This last capture makes no less than two thousand four hundred and ninety seven slaves taken and emancipated by this ship alone. The Calabar and Cameroons rivers are now, perfectly empty. In the former there is but one vessel, and she is French, and in the latter, none whatever. I hope, therefore, they have felt the last order of our government, to seize them with slave cargoes on board north of the line, and that the slave trade, if not stopped has lately received a severe check. I am off for Sierra Leon in a day or two, in hope of meeting —, as the thunder and lightning in the vicinity of these rivers and the immense mountains, has for the last week been terrific. The rainy season is also beginning, which is alone sufficient to drive any one out of these sad bights. In addition to the *Creole* I have sent up for adjudication the last month no less than seven vessels, all laden with slave cargoes, and it has almost cleared the bights.

Niles Register.

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DISCOVERY IN AFRICA.—The following is an extract of a letter from Mr. Ashmun, Agent of the Colonization Society, to the Board at Washington:

"An excursion of one of our people into the interior, to the distance of about 140 miles, has led to a discovery of the populousness and comparative civilization of this district of Africa, never till within a few months, even conjectured by myself. The same individual is now absent on a second journey: the particulars of both, I hope to be able to present to the board by the next conveyance. In the mean time it may not be without interest to observe that we are situated within fifty leagues of a country in which a highly improved agriculture prevails; where the horse is a common domestic animal; where extensive tracts of land are cleared and enclosed; where every article absolutely necessary to comfortable life is produced by the soil or manufactured by the skill and industry of the inhabitants; where the Arabic is used as a written language in the ordinary commerce of life; where regular and abundant markets and fairs are kept, and where a degree of intelligence and partial refinement distinguishes the inhabitants, little compatible with the personal qualities attached in the current notions of the age to the people of Guinea."

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE. Extract of a letter from Capt. Cunningham, dated St. Diego, Dec. 1836.

"There has arrived at this place Capt. Jedediah S. Smith, with a company of Hunters, from St. Louis, on the Missouri. These hardy adventurers have been 13 months travelling their route, and have suffered numerous hardships. They have often had death staring them in the face—sometimes, owing to the want of sustenance; at others, to the numerous Savages which they have been obliged to contend with. Out of 50 horses which they started with, they brought only 13 in with them, the others having died on the road for want of food and water.

Does it not seem incredible that a party of fourteen men, depending entirely upon their rifles and traps for subsistence, will explore this vast continent, and call themselves happy when they can obtain the tail of a Beaver to dine upon? Capt. Smith is now on board the *Courier*, and is going with me to St. Pedro to meet his men; from thence he intends to proceed northward in quest of B-aver, and return afterwards to his deposit in the Rocky Mountains."

[St. Diego and St. Pedro are ports in California, W. Coast of America, near 3000 miles from Boston.]

Paddy's ride on the Railway.—The Lehigh coal mines are situated on a mountain, about 9 miles from the river, at an elevation of near 1000 feet above it. A rail road has been extended from the mines to the river, along the side of the mountain, down which the coal is conveyed in cars, which descend by their own weight. The velocity of their descent would be almost incredible, were it not for a regulating power, subject to the control of the conductor of the cars. In addition to the coal cars, are others for carrying off the earth and rubbish with which the coal is covered. They are so constructed that, when they have descended near to the foot of the mountain, where the railway crosses a deep ravine, a catch on the side of the rail knocks out a pin and lets the bottom of the car, which is hung on hinges, drop and discharge its contents into the abyss, fifty or sixty feet below. A short time since, three Paddies, fresh from their own "swate Ireland" visited the place, and, while the workmen were at dinner, determined on having a ride. They accordingly got into one of the dirt cars and let it loose from the fastening. Not knowing how to regulate the velocity, away they went, Jehu like, at the rate of half a mile a minute. This was fine sport till, on a sudden the bottom dropped and deposited them, without any material injury, among the rubbish below, from which they looked up, in unexpressed consternation and—may, at this unexpected termination of their ride.—*Worcester Spy*

THE EDITOR.

FACTS.—In the Atlantic, is a state of late, in which states the facts to correct."

The editor of the *Worcester Spy* has been served to notice of this place [the paper, established, should be published]

Now, the truth were some two or three years ago, satisfied with the publisher of the *Observer*, that he held the pen to all, which prospectus for the another paper, a remark of theirs the disposition whenever an opportunity of truth of this state men who have been to come into contact would like to rule

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# THE OBSERVER.

NORWAY.

THURSDAY, MORNING, OCT. 3, 1827.

FACTS.—In the JEFFERSONIAN of the 26th ultimo, is a statement of some of the difficulties that have attended their establishment of late, in which the editor says he "simply states the facts," which he shall endeavor to correct.

The editor of the Jeffersonian says, that— "Last winter after the removal of the Observer to Norway, several of the republicans of this place [Paris] were anxious that a paper, established upon democratic principles, should be published here."

Now, the truth of the case is, that there were some two or three persons who were not satisfied with the course pursued by the publisher of the Observer, for this plain reason: that he held the columns of that paper "open to all," which was given as a cause in the prospectus for the Jeffersonian, for establishing another paper, and we need not say, that this remark of theirs was perfectly congenial with the disposition that they have manifested whenever an opportunity presented. For the truth of this statement we appeal to gentlemen who have had occasion, in their business to come into contact with certain persons, who would like to rule the County.

Another fault with the Observer was, that it would not support General Jackson for the Presidency; therefore these REPUBLICANS who wished to lord it over the County of Oxford, with a few Jackson Federalists amalgamated with one or two others, who have been noted for "becoming all things to all men," united for ONCE, to establish another paper in this County, and if possible to destroy the Observer, because we did not think it proper to place the press under their control and management. For the truth of this, we leave it with the public to judge, who have observed the proceedings of this junta for the last six months.

The editor of the Jeffersonian further says, that—

"Before the end of six months, he [Mr. Dingley] came forward and stated his inability to meet his payments as they became due or to continue the paper longer without assistance. While attempts were making by individuals who wished that the paper might be continued, to affect an arrangement for that purpose an attachment was made at midnight and the press and types removed to Norway, and lodged in the office of the Oxford Observer."

As to the first part of the statement here made, we do not know but that it may be correct, and shall leave it to Mr. Dingley, the publisher, to state; but we do know, that we were called upon by a personal friend of Mr. Dingley a few days before the attachment was made, and informed, that these same gentlemen were making "arrangements" to take the press and types into their possession, for some small debts due them from Mr. Dingley. And this statement was corroborated by the observations of one of the journeymen in the office of the Jeffersonian, on the morning the apparatus belonging to it was removed, that "The Boston folks were a little to quick for you, gentlemen."

It is also true that the press and types were removed to the office of the Observer, and, "The inhabitants of this place [Paris] who felt an interest in the paper, being ignorant of what had been done until the next morning, were prevented from receiving for the property."

We have no manner of doubt but that those gentlemen "who felt an interest for the paper" would have been pleased to have received for the press and types, and then had the use of them until January, at which time the writ was returnable, and then had them sold on execution to that these gentlemen might have purchased them at a low rate, thereby preventing the Boston Creditors of Mr. Dingley from receiving but a small part of their demand. But being defeated in this, the editor of the Jeffersonian now says,

"That the object intended to be effected by this transaction was the destruction of this paper, rather than the security of the debt." And what is "confirmation strong" to him is, that

"The nominal editor of the Observer had foretold a few days previous to the attachment that the Jeffersonian would shortly be stopped, and that another number would not be printed."

Now, it is our candid opinion, that it would not require a person to have a spirit of prophecy, or to be in possession of the black art, to predict the downfall of a paper got up as was the Jeffersonian, by a few choice spirits, who have almost constantly been at variance among themselves, each wishing to occupy the chief place in the synagogue, and supported by about three hundred subscribers—and that number fast decreasing. We are willing to leave it with our peers to say, whether there is any thing like witchcraft in our making the observations, which the editor of the Jeffersonian attributes to us, taking into consideration these circumstances, and adding thereto, our own knowledge of the publisher, being called upon for money, which as the editor of the Jeffersonian says he could not pay "without assistance."

And for ourselves we cannot see what cause these gentlemen have to complain of us, in this affair, when Mr. Dingley was the real owner and proprietor of the paper; and that he does not think our conduct unfair in this case we refer to his statement of the transaction published in another part of this paper. And the Boston creditors of Mr. Dingley have expressed their entire satisfaction in the proceedings, and they as well as we, were fully convinced that, it was not only the best, but the only course that could be taken in order to secure to them, the amount of the purchase money of the establishment. The purpose if both parties are satisfied, what reason have these gentlemen to complain, unless we are right in our conjectures respecting their wishes, to get the press, &c. into their possession, for much less than its original cost or just value.

We have a closing observation to make to the remark of the editor of the Jeffersonian, respecting the nominal editor of the Observer. We can inform him that the nominal editor of the Observer is and ever has been, the real editor, except for the term of twenty-three weeks, when we, and our readers, were blessed with the labors of the talented editor of the Jeffersonian, for which services, we have his receipt in full. Whether the fickle goddess will ever give us an opportunity of employing another equal to him, we know not, but if it should ever present itself, we should be willing to make almost any sacrifice to secure so great a favor.

LEAD MINES.—We have been informed that a lead ore has been found in Shelburne, N. H. of a quality much superior to that which is generally found in mines, which yield that which is considered good. We have seen a piece of it, which, if it is any thing like a fair specimen, would lead us to conjecture that it is very pure. We have not learnt that it has yet been examined sufficiently to ascertain the extent of its bed; but have been informed that it is supposed to be very abundant.

We have also conversed with a gentleman of high respectability, who informed us that the lead mine owned by Hon. J. W. Ripley, of Fryeburg, in Eaton, N. H. was very extensive, and that Doct. Webster, of Harvard University, had visited it the present season, and pronounced the ore to be of a superior quality to any that had ever come under his observation.—Our readers will recollect that Doct. Webster must be well qualified for a Judge in things of this kind, as he is Lecturer of Chemistry in Harvard University.

ALL IS FAIR IN POLITICS.—This seems to be the motto of some of the choice spirits, who are opposed to our present National Government, and so far have some practised on it in Kentucky and Tennessee, that in the district, in the former State, heretofore represented by Mr. F. Johnson, in the Congress of the United States, that about two hundred and fifty persons who lived in the adjoining State of Tennessee, came to the polls at the recent election, and actually voted for Mr. Yancey, who by that means obtained a majority of ninety-nine votes. It is said that the election of Mr. Yancey will be contested. It will be recollected by our readers that Gen. Jackson resides in Tennessee, and that Mr. Johnson is a firm supporter of the present Administration.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.—Judge Whitman closed the September Term of this Court at Paris, last week, after a session of two days.—There were about one hundred new entries on the civil side of the docket. The Grand Jury returned no bills, nor were any complaints laid before them. Informations were filed against seven towns in the County for bad roads.

SAMUEL MOODY, Esq. was admitted at this term to practise as an Attorney.

SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT, &c.—The Supreme Judicial will commence its October Session in Paris, on Tuesday next. The Court of Sessions will also be held at the same time and place.

The Regiment of Militia commanded by Col. SAMUEL H. KING, will parade for inspection and review, near Stowell's Mills on Monday next.

## COMMUNICATION.

FOR THE OXFORD OBSERVER.

To the Editor of the Jeffersonian.

Observing in your last paper, a representation in reference to my late misfortune, so much at variance from truth, I deem it a duty I owe to myself as well as others whom you would implicate, to take some notice of your remarks.—When I at first undertook the publication of the Jeffersonian, it was done at the solicitation of those who pretended to be my friends, who promised a good list of Subscribers, and, if necessary, other aid—in which I am now compelled to say, I have found myself imposed upon.—While I have to acknowledge the kindness of many good friends in the County of Oxford, I feel myself fully exonerated from any debt of gratitude or obligation to some of the gentlemen on Paris Hill, with whose deceptive smiles I have been betrayed into all my misfortunes.

You say truly, that "before the end of six months I came forward and stated my inability to meet my payments as they became due or to continue the paper longer without assistance." I did so state to those gentlemen, whose misrepresentations alone had reduced me to the disagreeable and mortifying situation. And what return did I receive? Instead of affording the least aid, they did all in their power to render my prospects more gloomy and to hasten my ruin. It is not true that fair and

honorable attempts were made by my late very patriotic and benevolent patrons to effect any arrangement for my relief; but on the contrary all propensities from me to them having a tendency to this object, were treated with marked neglect, and I now have but too good reason for the belief, that had not my honest creditors attached my Press in the evening, it would have been attached by my very honorable patrons on the succeeding morning. I do not believe that any individual concerned in making the attachment of my Press, had any other object than the security of an honest debt. I did not, to be sure, apply to these gentlemen to receipt for my property or become my sureties at the time of my difficulties, and they know very well the reason. I had before applied to them as long as their aid would have been of any service to me and been always treated with disdain; I now preferred the humanity of my creditors to the generosity of these my pretended friends.

I have no occasion to complain of my creditors, nor of any individual who represented their interests. I do not entertain a doubt, but they would have taken security for their debt, on a long credit, before the Press was removed, if it had been in my power to have given it. The present Proprietors of the Jeffersonian know full well, that the Attorney who filled the writ, and the officer who laid the attachment, afforded them every facility, after they had determined on the redemption of the Press. In conclusion, I have only to request, that, in reference to this unhappy affair, you would in any remarks you may make, confine yourself to the simple truth.

CHARLES DINGLEY.

Paris, Sept. 23, 1827.

A writer in the last Boston Patriot speaks as follows, concerning the late British premier—

"The Right Honorable GEORGE GRENVILLE, the reputed father of our odious stamp act, was not in himself, so great an enemy to the prosperity of the North American Colonies as George Canning seemed to be to the prosperity of these United States. Mr. Canning presumed upon his knowing all about us: and well he might after having our country paraded and pryed into by travelling members of parliament, and wandering Dukes, cum multis aliis on the same scent;—towards whom we have always felt and acted, very differently from the wise policy of the Chinese; who never take pains to magnify their riches, power and resources as we do. Let us extend towards British subjects who visit us, the utmost rules of hospitality, and that generosity of sentiment which is consistent with our national character; but may we never forget, that the increased and increasing power of the United States can never excite very pleasant feelings in the breast of English Patriots, among whom shone conspicuous the lamented George Canning."

A CURIOSITY.—The British embassy, who visited Ava in October of last year, give the following account of a singular *lusus naturæ*, whom they saw in the capital.

In the department of curiosities, may be mentioned the existence at Ava, of a man covered from head to foot with hair, whose history is not less remarkable than that of the celebrated porcupine man who excited so much curiosity in England, and other parts of Europe, near a century ago. The hair on the face of this singular being, the ears included, is shaggy and about eight inches long. On the breast and shoulders it is from four to five. It is singular that the teeth of this individual are defective in number; the molars, or grinders, being entirely wanting. This person is a native of the Shan County, or Lao, and from the banks of the upper portion of the Salween or Martaban river: he was presented to the king of Ava, as a curiosity, by the Prince of that country. At Ava he married a pretty Burmese woman, by whom he has two daughters. The eldest resembles her mother, the youngest is covered with hair, like her father, only that it is white or fair, whereas his is brown or black, having however, been fair when a child, like that of the infant. With the exceptions mentioned, both the father and the child are perfectly well formed, and, indeed, for the Burman race, rather handsome. The whole family were sent by the King to the residence of the Mission, where drawings and descriptions of them were taken.

A DESPERATE VILLAIN!—We mentioned in our last, the apprehension and confinement in our County Prison, of a villain by the name of Lawrence, charged with the crime of arson. Scarce had he reached his new quarters, before we find him committing a similar offence, by which not only his own life, and that of many others, was placed in jeopardy, but the peace and quiet of our city greatly disturbed. The wretch, on Thursday night last, about 11 o'clock, fired the building in which he was confined! A lad confined in the same room with Lawrence, who had become almost suffocated with the smoke and heat, was the first to give the alarm. The fire-compnies and our citizens generally immediately repaired to the spot, and soon subdued the flames. The incendiary was doubtless prompted to this act by the hope of effecting his escape in the

confusion that would ensue. But he is now in double irons, awaiting his trial; and if he is not doomed to make his exit on the gallows, he will at least be placed in a situation where he can no longer jeopardize the lives of our citizens.

American Mercury.

VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.—The Russian corvette Krotky, commanded by Baron Wrangel, just returned from a voyage round the world, upon which she has been employed about two years, has arrived at the Motherbank. Dr. Kyber has brought with him many objects of natural history, and has succeeded in bringing alive to Europe, many plants hitherto unknown. When off the Marquesas, the savages killed, and very likely devoured, an officer and two men. They were murdered by the natives without any provocation. Another man was killed by a musket-ball in the pinna, while employed in picking up three men who had jumped out of the boat to swim to the ship. Baron Wrangel is the same distinguished officer who, accompanied by Dr. Kyber, explored the previously unknown north-eastern Coast of Asia to Beering's Straits from the river Kolyma, upon which they were employed about 4 years, the account of which is expected to be now publishing at St. Petersburg. This was the expedition which the late Capt. Cochrane went from Irkutsk, about 4000 miles, on foot, to join.—This voyage has afforded another practical and additional proof of the extraordinary accuracy and perfection to which Messrs. Parkinson and Frodsham have brought their chronometers, two of which were bought by the Imperial Government for this voyage, one of which, when delivered, was losing in mean time half a second per day, and at present is losing one second and three tenths, and during the whole intermediate time of circumnavigating the globe, never exceeded (twice) losing. The other's original rate was one second and a half gaining, and its regular and progressive increase has never exceeded three seconds and eight-tenths, balancing each other's errors (if errors they can be called,) in the most surprising manner. Baron Wrangel adds, that his vessel was by no means calculated to give chronometers a favorable trial, being small and subject to considerable motion. These chronometers have been out two years, and in the greatest extremes of temperature.

ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.—Capt. J. N. Reynolds, the pupil of Symmes, and who, it is said, has stolen his master's trade, has announced, in one of the Baltimore papers, that final arrangements have been made for the commencement of the long talked of polar expedition.—A contract has been made with an experienced naval architect, for the construction of a suitable vessel, and the expedition is expected to sail in the course of the "coming season."—But another vessel is wanted to accompany the expedition as a tender, and for the purpose of obtaining such an one, he makes an appeal to the citizens of the United States. He says, "there are more than a million and a half of square miles, which have never been explored, and a coast of more than three hundred degrees of longitude, in which the antarctic circle has never been approached."

N. E. Palladium.

LONGEVITY.—On the morning of Thursday last, a Highlander of the name of John Macdonald, expired in his son's house, in the Lawnmarket, at the advanced age of 107. He was born in Glen Tinsdale, in the Isle of Sky, and, like the other natives of that quarter, was bred to rural labor. Early one morning, when looking after his black cattle, he was surprised by the sight of two ladies, as he thought, winding slowly round a hill and approaching the spot where he stood. When they came up, they inquired for a well or stream, where a drink of water could be obtained. He conducted them to the "Virgin Well," an excellent spring; which was held in great reverence on account of its being the scene of some superstitious and legendary tales. When they had quenched their thirst, one of the ladies rewarded Macdonald with a shilling, the first silver coin of which he was possessed. At their own request, he escorted them to a gentleman's house, at some distance; and there, to his great surprise and satisfaction, he learned that the two "ladies" were Flora Macdonald and Prince Charles Stewart. This was the proudest incident in Macdonald's patriarchal life—and, when surrounded by his Celtic brethren, he used to dilate on all the relative circumstances with a sort of hereditary enthusiasm and more than the common garrulity of age. He afterwards turned joiner, and bore a conspicuous part in the building of the first Protestant Church which was erected in the Island of North Uist. He came to Edinburgh twenty-three years ago, and continued to work at his trade till he was 97 years of age. He was a temperate, regular living man, and never paid a sixpence to a surgeon for himself, nor had an hour's sickness in the whole course of his life. He used to dance regularly on New Year's days, along with some Highland friends, to the bagpipe. On New Year's day, 1825, he danced a reel with the father, the son, the grandson, and great-grandson, and

was in more than his usual spirits. His hearing was nothing impaired, and till within three weeks of his demise, without glasses he could have threaded the finest needle with facility.—Scotsman.

STOR A ROUSE.—It will be seen by an advertisement in this day's paper, that a prisoner by the name of Rolfe, has made his escape from the Goal in this town. It appears that he made an arrangement with a small girl living in Col. Sevey's family, the keeper of the Prison, and that she, after the family had retired to bed, entered the sleeping room of Col. Sevey, took the key and released the prisoner from his uncomfortable lodgings. Rolfe was committed on the charge of stealing Gen. McCobb's horse, some time since. We hope that the citizens of the several towns in the State will be on the look out for this fugitive from justice, and that the several Editors in the State will notice him in their columns.—Wisconsin Int.

It is expected that Rev. Mr. More will preach in the Schoolhouse in this village, on Thursday evening, at early candle lighting, October 4.

## Married.

In Hallowell, Mr. Ephraim Tripp of Waterville to Mrs. Olive Clark.  
In Topsham, Mr. John Haley, 1st, bachelor, aged 60, to Miss Nancy Higgins, aged 30.

## Died.

In this Village, on the 1st inst. Daniel H. son of Mr. Daniel Holt.  
In No. 15, Mr. Robt Dyer, aged about 35, killed by Lightning. He was sitting in his house in a thunder shower, and got up and went to the front door; the lightning at that moment struck the chimney, followed the roof and doopost down and struck the man upon the head and followed his side, down into his shoes, which it rent in pieces, and killed him instantly. His daughter, about 16 years of age, as well as the house, was considerably injured. Mr. Dyer was an industrious and respectable man, and has left a wife and seven children to weep over this sudden and afflictive bereavement. "In the midst of life we are in death."

## TWENTY DOLLARS REWARD!!

BROKE from the Jail in Wisconsin, on the night of the 16th inst.

## DAVID ROLFE.

He is 20 years of age, 5 feet 5 inches high, dark complexion, wore a short, snuff colored coat. Whoever will apprehend said ROLFE and bring him to the Jail, shall receive the above reward and all expenses paid.  
SAMUEL SEVEY, Jailor.

Wisconsin, Sept. 27, 1827.

To the Hon. Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Maine in Legislature to be assembled at Portland on the first Wednesday of January, A. D. 1828.

YOUR Petitioners, Inhabitants of the town of Dixfield, in the County of Oxford, beg leave respectfully to represent, that it would be for the interest and convenience of said town, that the part of said town lying west of the dividing line between Lots Number sixteen and seventeen, in said town should be set off from said town of Dixfield, and annexed to the town of Mexico; and we therefore pray the Hon. Legislature aforesaid to pass an act effecting that object. And as its duty bound would ever pray.

JAMES M. WILLIAMS, & 19 others..  
Dixfield, September 14th, 1827. 170.

## NOTICE.

## MONEY WANTED

By the subscriber; for which he is under the necessity of calling on all who are indebted to him, by note or account, to make immediate payment, otherwise their notes & accounts will be left with an Attorney for collection, without distinction, excepting agreements made to the contrary—in which case called on for large sums, he cannot avoid this collection as above.

JONATHAN SWIFT.  
Norway, Sept. 1, 1827. 6w \* 167

## GRAVE STONES.

JOSEPH THOMPSON.

WOULD inform the inhabitants of Norway and vicinity, that he will execute GRAVE STONES of all sizes, in a neat manner, in a handsome and superior style of workmanship, and at prices lower than at Portland. Orders left with ASA BARTON, Esq. who will give the necessary information, will be attended to.

Harford, Aug. 31, 1827. 6w \* 166

## CLOTH DRESSING, IMPROVED.

THE subscribers would respectfully inform their customers, and the public generally, that they have in operation a new and IMPROVED MACHINE, for shearing Cloth—by which, it may be done in the best possible manner, and much superior to any other Machine in this State, (except one of like kind, there being only two in Maine.) They therefore, with the greatest confidence, invite all persons who have cloth to dress, to call and examine their machine, and cloth which they have finished, and see for themselves, if it does not, on comparison, look superior to any they have before seen. They are determined to do all in their power to make their style of work, the permanency of their colors, and the terms of payment such "that none shall go away dissatisfied."

S. & A. MILLETT.  
Norway Village, Aug. 14, 1827. 4 163

## FOR SALE AT THE

## Oxford Bookstore,

Norway.

A GREAT variety of BOOKS—such as Mortgage, Quitclaim and Warranty Deeds—Powers of Attorneys—Leases—Sheriffs and Constables' Bail Bonds—Administrators, Collectors & Sheriffs' Deeds—Bonds—Court Writs and Executions—Justices' Writs and Executions—Trustee Writs—Confession Notes—Confession Executions—Town Clerk's Blanks, &c. &c.

Attorney's Blanks of all kinds on hand and at reasonable prices. Oct. 2.



## Poetry.

SELECTED FOR THE OBSERVER.  
COLLECTION AT A TEA PARTY.

Ere the collection doth begin  
Some one invites her neighbors in,  
To take with her a dish of Tea,  
Made of the finest of bohea;  
And when the Ladies thus have met,  
Then just at night the table's set—  
They gather round with decent care—  
"Come, you're the oldest, you sit there."  
"Oh, that's no matter, sit down, do."  
So after compliments are through,  
Some one begins to talk—another  
Strikes some notes above the other—  
No one can hear a word they say,  
Nor can they hear themselves; yet they  
Keep on in this exalted tone  
Together all, yet all alone.  
The first has done, the next but half—  
The first now thinks 'tis time to laugh,  
And so begins, "Te he, Te he!"  
Another joins as loud as she,  
But cannot give a reason why,  
This better for to laugh than cry,  
The laugh increases, till, however,  
One strains above the rest, "I never,  
I'm quite discouraged, I don't see  
You ever mean to visit me;  
My husband now is gone from home,  
So now I think you ought to come—  
You cry, the rest you owed before,  
We saw you last, two visits more,  
And you owe me, and you owe me,  
So round it goes, yet none agree.  
And when the long dispute is past,  
Nothing concluded on at last,  
It seems amazing strange to me,  
They feel so well for drinking tea,  
For if a foreigner should come,  
He'd think they'd all been drinking rum.  
A little child begins to cry;  
"Whist!" says its mother, "give it pie;"  
The rest come flocking and are fed  
With pie, and cake, and gingerbread.  
"Why," says another, "keep away,  
You know better, you should stay  
Till we are done." The child, although  
Determines that he will not go,  
"Well, stay here then if you'll be still,"  
The child now promises that he will,  
He sees the cake and layeth hold—  
The mother now begins to scold,  
The child don't care, but lets her tease,  
And seizes at a plate of cheese.  
"Do give me that, I will have some,"  
The biggest piece, that lies here, mum,"  
Now seeing he don't mind commands,  
She seizes him and holds his hands,  
And says to smooth the matter o'er,  
"You never acted so before;  
My child's not well I certain know,  
If well he'd not have acted so."  
Then some ironical complaint  
Answers instead of a restraint.  
Says one, "I think the time is come,"  
"So," says the next, "we must go home."  
And, as they gather round the door,  
They tune up louder than before.  
"When will you come, I am afraid  
My visit will not be repaid."  
So all invite and all reply,  
To visit soon they mean to try,  
And flock off home in usual form,  
And the next day comes on a storm.

## VARIETY.

### MARRIAGE.

I have often remarked the eagerness  
of all classes of people to read or hear  
the accounts of marriages. "So John  
has taken to himself a wife" (cries Sue).  
"Ah! there has been a wedding" (cries  
another). "Lactaday!" (exclaims an  
old lady). "So Betty has got a husband at  
last." And each is anxious to know all  
the particulars; who married them;  
who was there; how the bride was  
dressed; and so on. On such occasions,  
I have particularly noticed, that the  
men seem to sympathize chiefly with the  
bridegroom, from the cause probably  
that each has been, or expects to be, in  
the same delicate and interesting situa-  
tion. There is no circumstance in life  
half so interesting as that of entering  
into the holy bond of wedlock. A choice  
is made of a companion for life, for good  
or evil, for prosperity or adversity, for  
weal or woe, or, in the good old set terms  
of ceremony, for better or for worse.  
Then, too, the new clothes, the solemn  
ceremony, the wedding banquet, and the  
nameless delights appertaining thereto,  
mark this period of life beyond others.  
Looking forward through the kaleido-  
scope of hope, it presents to the young  
imagination an infinite variety of splen-  
did and beautiful imagery, which charms  
like illusions of the Persian genii in the  
fairy tales. The young man hopes his  
turn may come; and I dare not sketch  
the picture his fancy draws. The girl,  
from budding fifteen, through blushing  
twenty, up to ripened womanhood, feels  
as she hears the account of a wedding,  
a soft thrill vibrating like the treble chord  
of a piano, through every nerve of her  
susceptible frame. Her bosom throbs  
quicker; she breathes with a hurried  
respiration, yet not painfully; no image  
that she need blush for ever casts its  
pale form across her pure mind; yet her  
lips assume a deeper stain of strawber-  
ry; she laughs, and wonders what all  
this, or how she is interested. The old  
married people are differently affected;  
and yet they are affected. Memory is  
busily employed in brushing away the  
cobwebs of time (and that time is a ve-  
ry illustrious spider) from the picture of  
their connubial bliss; the husband chokes  
his deary under the chin, and, instead  
of addressing himself to her as "Mr.  
Mautey," or whatever her name be,  
calls her by her virgin name, "My dear  
Lucy Howard;" and she answers with a  
modest career, that speaks most eloquently  
of the days gone by. Meanwhile, the  
old bachelor and old maid forget the  
center is not big enough for them. The  
old codger, whom no one pities, but every  
body in town laughs at as a lusty old  
bachelor, very probably recalls to re-  
collection one, who, in the days of youth,

reciprocated with him the tenderest  
feelings of affection; one who listened  
to the music of his voice with delight;  
who watched his coming with anxious  
eye; whose ready ear distinguished the  
sound of his footsteps from among an  
hundred; who loved, promised, with-  
ered before the nuptial hour gave him a  
right to pillow her throbbing head in his  
bosom, and died. Or the lone virgin  
designated by the unfeeling world as  
"an old maid," may mourn, in the depth  
of suppressed grief, a ruddy, youth of  
manly brow and gallant bearing, whom  
the caverns of the ocean have entombed,  
or who, dead to his plighted faith, may  
have sought in the arms of wealth for  
that happiness which true love alone  
can impart. All are interested.

The self interests, as well as the  
sympathies, of all are concerned. The  
minister or the magistrate is required to  
perform the ceremony; the merchant  
to supply silks and satins, and the man-  
ufacturer and tailor to make up the bri-  
dal dresses; the cabinet-maker and  
chair-maker to furnish the house, as well  
as the carpenter, the joiner, and the  
mason to build it. The doctor, the  
nurse, and the schoolmaster, the shoe-  
maker, the victualer, and the poultryer,  
and the Lord knows who, are all neces-  
sary; and even the printer, who pub-  
lishes the marriages, is useful in his way.  
On full consideration, I see that there  
is abundant reason for the interest every-  
body takes in a wedding; and I hear  
it whispered by those who understand  
the signs of the times, that there will be  
more weddings the present year and the  
year to come, than there have been for  
many years past.—Philadelphia Ariel.

### KISSING THE BRIDE.

The following letter is from a bride to the  
Editor of a Massachusetts paper.

Sir—I herewith send a bit of wedding cake.  
I am in a very bad humor. I assure you;  
which you know ought not to be, the very  
day one is married. It is not at my husband  
though, dear good man he is. Oh! I was  
reared beyond endurance last evening. That  
rite practice! Would you believe it? An  
hundred and fifty kisses! of all sorts and  
sizes, fair and foul, from old and young, from  
male and female! Faugh! could any bride  
endure all that and preserve her temper?  
Such cargoes of snuff! such showers of to-  
bacco spittle, such fumes of tobacco smoke!  
No poor man covered with vermin was ever  
more drenched. If this fashion of the whole  
company kissing the bride must be followed,  
in the name of all that's decent, let old  
granddaddies burn out their pipes before  
they offer to poke their under very nose.  
And those whose throats are at best so many  
sepulchres, I would advise, before they go  
to a wedding, to fill their pockets with cloves,  
cinnamon, or coriander seed, and commence  
chewing at least an ounce before the mar-  
riage ceremony begins.

Only think of a poor creature standing up  
an hour and a half after the blessed knot was  
tied, only to be nozzled and slobbered over  
by all the masculine gender of the neighbor-  
hood! Only think of a delicate, modest fe-  
male, standing like a target, the object of all  
the lipshots of a large corps of militia! and  
then I thought I should have dropped down  
with fatigue; I verily believe I used an  
ounce of hartshorn to keep me from fainting.  
But vexed as I was, Mr. Editor, I could not  
to gain the whole world, help from laughing  
sometimes at the queer spectacle we all made.  
And you would have laughed too, if you had  
been there. Only imagine, if you please, the  
chief person of the group, me, Dorothy Da-  
foot, at the right hand of my dear spouse,  
and a crowd of men, like a swarm of flies,  
round a cup of molasses, all pressing forward  
and making up their lips ready for a smack;  
and then one after another, poking their  
snouts into my very face, and me wiping my  
face every whistling to appear a little de-  
cent. But the most ludicrous part of the ex-  
hibition was to see a bashful fellow go thro'  
the manoeuvres. Like a shy trout venturing  
up to the bait—advancing a little, and then  
darting back among the reeds—you might  
behold the poor man with heart beating audi-  
bly, coming forward with a cautious step,  
stepping sometimes through fear, or slipping  
behind the friendly corporation of some broad  
backed fellow a little ahead. Having ad-  
vanced within a yard or so, you might see  
him as if afraid his courage would fail by de-  
lay. Dart forward from behind his shoulder,  
snatch a kiss, and be off in the twinkling of  
an eye. But alas! ludicrous as it may ap-  
pear, my poor cheek had to suffer in conse-  
quence of it, and even now bears the mark  
inflicted on it by Simon Snaggletooth.

Some of the old fellows must needs buss  
me they said on both sides of my face—and  
some of them said my breath was as rose in  
October, and others, that it was as fragrant  
as a load of new made hay. Some of the old  
fellows, with one foot in the grave, and the  
other on the brink, said they kissed my  
grandmother and my mother, and now I sup-  
pose they think they have capped the climax  
of gallant exploits by nozzling over me as  
though I was a mere bruy.

I pitied my poor husband, poor man, to be  
obliged to stand and look on as silly as a fool,  
and see his new married wife gauded over.  
I believe in my soul he would have knocked  
down half a dozen of my persecutors, had he  
been left to the guidance of his own unadul-  
terated feelings instead of being restrained  
by the rules of etiquette. But, Mr. Editor,  
after all my sufferings and vexations, here I  
am alive, and I pray heaven I never may be  
married again, till the custom of kissing the  
bride by wholesale is done away.

### SELF-NOMINATION.

The following is part of an electrifying  
address from the Mobile Register. It will  
prove the benefits which result from the old  
system of caucus nominations. The success  
of such self-nominated Candidates would soon  
plunge the country into irretrievable ruin.

### [PRO BONO PUBLICO.]

To the Citizens of Tusculucia County & town  
of the Settlers of Tusculucia has Soli-  
cited my approbation to order myself as a  
Candidate for the next ensuing Elec-  
tion for a seat in the house of Commons  
as being a man acquainted with doing  
business from Early life you are to-  
be informed at the age of fifteen years  
old I was put on the muster role and in

two weeks was made the first ser-  
vant of the company to which I Be Longed  
by vote of a Large majority and then  
went on to Rise by grade and as soon  
as I was twenty one was sent to new-  
born to attend the General Court there  
which did Business for ten counties  
where I served for fifteen years until  
the court system was altered and then at-  
tended the courts in the different coun-  
ties until I Left North Carolina; In  
Eighteen hundred and four I was Elec-  
ted a State Magistrate one of the gov-  
ernors Council where I served in that  
Station until I Left North Carolina and  
moved to the State of Tennessee then  
from there here to Tusculucia where I  
am now a citizen for fifteen months and  
expects to Remain the Rest of my days  
having the lot on which I Live my own  
and houses that hear is my home only  
give me the Opportunities to display  
my talents, only, give me your votes  
for once and then if I Cant please you  
then chose some other person But I  
pleased the people in North Carolina and  
why not please you here in Alabama  
and in Tusculucia Remain your friend  
and well wisher until death.

DDR. JOHN KILLINGWORTH.

[Impressum verbatim, literatim et punctuatim.]

### HENRY CLAY.

The following precious morsel, we  
believe, will not only excite the admi-  
ration of the friends of Mr. Secretary  
Clay, but will also present a beautiful  
specimen of the most distinguishing  
characteristics of this great man. A  
few years since, shortly after the agita-  
tion of the famous compensation bill in  
Congress, Mr. Clay, who voted in favor  
of this bill, upon returning home to his  
constituents, found a formidable opposi-  
tion arrayed against his re-election. Af-  
ter addressing the people from the Hos-  
pitals, previous to the opening of the  
poll, he stepped down into the crowd,  
where he met an old influential friend  
of his, named Scott, one of the first set-  
tlers of Kentucky, and of course, in his  
younger days, a great huntsman. This  
gentleman, stepping up, addressed Mr.  
Clay as follows:

"Well, well, Harry, I've been with  
you in six troubles; I am sorry I must  
now desert you in the seventh; you  
have voted for that miserable compensa-  
tion bill;—I must now turn my back up-  
on you." "Is it so friend Scott? Is this  
the only objection? 'Tis.' we must  
get over it the best way we can. You  
are an old huntsman?" "Yes." "You  
have killed many a fat bear and buck?"  
"Yes." "I believe you have a very  
good rifle?" "Yes, as good as one as ev-  
er cracked." "Well, did you never  
have a fine fat buck before you, when  
your gun snapped?" "The like of that  
has happened." "Well now, friend Scott,  
did you take that faithful rifle and break  
it all to pieces on the very next log you  
came to—or did you pick the flint and  
try it again?" The tear stood in the  
old man's eyes. The chord was touch-  
ed. "No, Harry, I picked the flint, and  
tried her again—and I'll try you again—  
give us your hand." We need scarce-  
ly say that the welkin rung with the  
huzzling plaudits of the bye-standers.  
Clay was borne off to the hustings and  
re-elected.—Virginia Free Press

A curious case of conscience.—A writer by  
the name of Ulrich Von Hutten, who flour-  
ished in the time of Luther, mentions that  
the theological world at that period was puzzled  
to decide a case of conscience, which  
was submitted by one of the zealous support-  
ers of the church. While sitting at a tavern,  
eating eggs, on a fast day, he opened one,  
having a young chicken in it. Showing it to  
the person he was travelling with, he was  
advised to eat it immediately, for "if the  
landlord sees it, he will require you to pay  
for a pullet." Yielding to this advice, he ate  
the egg and chicken. He then recollected it  
was fast day, and seized with horror, for hav-  
ing committed such a mortal sin, he laid his  
case before his spiritual masters, praying  
them to decide immediately, whether the  
chicken was meat, that he might obtain ab-  
solution before he left Germany.

As a spruce young gentleman, who sported  
a cane and wore a white beaver, was lately  
passing the village of Buffalo, on board a  
canal boat, on the deck of which several gentle-  
men were speaking about the beautiful situa-  
tion of Waterloo, he very innocently began  
to be informed "where the battle of Water-  
loo was fought." No one answering, he  
again inquired—no one answered.—The Cook  
being absent, and hearing the young gentle-  
man's question, naturally thought it should  
be solved. As soon as he caught the eye of  
the spark, he exclaimed emphatically, "Clap  
snap!" covered his ivory with a skimmer,  
as he ran below. The deck raked round  
with laughter. The mortified man rushed into  
the cabin, and betook him to his books.

The following neat cut direct is from the  
pen of the celebrated Sheridan. Lord Er-  
skine declared in a large party in which  
Lord Erskine and Mr. S. were present, that "a wife  
was only a fat cat under one's tail"—upon  
which Sheridan presented Lady Erskine with  
these lines:

"Lord Erskine at woman presuming to rail,  
"Calls a wife 'a fat cat under one's tail';  
And fair lady Anne while the subject he car-  
ries on,  
Seems hurt at his lordship's degrading com-  
parison.  
But wherefore degrading! Considered aright,  
A cat is polished, and useful, and bright—  
And should dirt its original purity hide,  
That's the fault of the puppy to whom it is  
tied!"

INDIAN SNEEDNESS.—When General Lin-  
coln went to make peace with the Creek In-  
dians, one of the chiefs asked him to set  
down on a log; he was then desired to move,  
and in a few minutes to move farther; the  
chief was repeated, till the General had  
got to the end of the log. The Indian said,

"move farther;" to which the General re-  
plied, "I can move no farther." "Just so it  
is with us," said the Chief—"You have moved  
us back to the water, and then ask us to  
move farther." Conn. Journal.

A HUNDRED TO ONE.—There were a  
hundred justices, says one, at the monthly  
meeting. "A hundred," says another. "Yes,"  
says he, "do you count and I will name them."  
There was Justice Balancer, put down one;  
Justice Hall, put down a cypher, he is nobo-  
dy; Justice House, you may put down another  
cypher for him—one and two cyphers are a  
hundred.

MARRIAGE BROKERS.—One of the London  
papers states that in Paris there is a regular  
bureau for negotiating marriages; and, such  
is the variety of female candidates, that the  
most capricious taste may be suited. The fol-  
lowing advertisement appears in the Journal  
d'Affaires, a Paris paper, of July 17:—  
"MARRIAGES.

"1st. Fifty widows, with from 2,000 to  
30,000 francs of income.  
"2d. One and fifty damsels, with from  
10,000 to 800,000 francs of dowry.  
"3d. Four hundred young ladies and wid-  
ows, with a small fortune.—Apply to M.  
Torre, &c.

Another Marriage Broker advertises at his  
disposal:  
"1. Two young ladies, of between 15 and  
18 years of age, with between 30,000 and  
60,000 francs of portion.  
"2. Two others, between 30 and 36 years,  
with 35,000 francs; and several damsels of all  
ages, with between 4,000 and 6,000 francs  
of income; with lots of widows, of incomes  
from 1,000 to 60,000 francs."

If money be not the object, M. Torre says  
that he has at his disposal "several young  
ladies of ancient families, with little fortune,  
but with all the qualities which should ac-  
company fortune."

### First and Last, a puzzle.

Beloved! art the blooming, cheerful, gay;  
dost me: propose thou have will say!  
If canst read clear, never thee, I  
If the word begin, take last, thus on;  
words then clear, plain, sense rude, language  
Then remainder my Thou be beloved  
wife, my shall life of  
the wrong: nor not The and he will The  
go, and the Then you first with  
fear, then have I'll this not thou Yet  
thou? me I'll That I-outvie Thou  
and beautiful, pose, like thou  
Paris, (Ky.) Citizen.

### Cordage, Cut Nails and Duck.

THOMAS BROWNE—  
No. 10, Long Wharf, PORTLAND.

AGENT for the State of Maine, for the  
sale of PATENT CORDAGE, made by  
Robbins, of Plymouth. ALSO CUT NAILS  
and BRADS of all sizes, from 34 to 50d., man-  
ufactured by Boston Iron Company. DUCK  
of various prices, ANCHORS, and CHAIN  
CABLES.

It is presumed that the quality, price, and  
time for the above articles, will give entire  
satisfaction.  
Portland, Aug. 14, 1827. 1y 163

### IMPORTANT NOTICE.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform  
the public, and particularly Subscribers  
to "THE JEFFERSONIAN," that he has  
transferred all his interest in that es-  
tablishment to CAPT. ALFRED ANDREWS, of  
Paris, to whom all payments due must be  
made for the Paper, Advertisements, or Jobs.  
CHARLES DINGLEY.  
Paris, Sept. 13, 1827. 168

JUST Published and for sale at the Oxford  
Bookstore, AN

### APOLOGY FOR BELIEVING IN

UNIVERSAL RECONCILIATION:  
Or an Appeal from the Interior Court of Big-  
otry, Superstition, Ignorance and Ubi-  
quity, to the Supreme Court of Prop-  
er Candor, Sound Reason, Good  
Understanding, and True  
Faith. Also, a Key to  
the Book of Re-  
velation, with  
short Notes on the same.  
BY SAMUEL HUTCHINSON.  
Sept. 27.

### HOUSE & LAND.

FOR sale by the subscriber, a good Two-  
Story Dwelling HOUSE, partly finished,  
with Land sufficient for a good garden. Also  
a good new SAWMILL, well built, and situ-  
ated on the Steep Falls, on a calmer, and  
there is a good chance for timber, and a suf-  
ficiency of water for nearly the whole season.  
There is likewise a good privilege for the  
erection of almost any kind of machinery  
which requires water power.—Also a number  
of eligible house lots on each side of the  
road, which are well situated, and inferior to  
none in the vicinity for pleasantness of situ-  
ation and goodness of soil.  
The above will be sold at a cheap rate, and  
the terms of payment will be such that almost  
any person can purchase it, who has any de-  
sire for property of this kind.  
For further information please inquire  
of the subscriber, living on the premises.  
BAILLY BODWELL.  
Sept. 7, 1827. 167

JUST published and for sale at the Oxford  
Bookstore, Ly the Gross, Dozen or Sin-  
gle, the MAINE FARMER'S ALMANAC,  
for the year of our Lord 1828.  
Sept. 27.

### JAUNDICE BITTERS.

THE subscriber has been appointed Agent  
for selling Johnson's Jaundice Bitters,  
a most valuable Medicine for persons affected  
with the Jaundice or complaints of that kind.  
These Bitters are very pleasant and strong-  
ly and are highly esteemed by all such as have  
made trial of them.—For sale wholesale and re-  
tail.—Traders and others who purchase, to  
sell again, can be supplied on reasonable  
terms.  
Norway, Sept. 17.

JUST received and for sale at the Oxford  
Bookstore, School Bibles, a good edition;  
also Colburn's Arithmetic; Writing and  
Wrapping Paper, &c. to be sold cheap.

## PROPOSALS

For Publishing a Monthly Pamphlet Entitled,  
**The Gospel Preacher.**

THE Publisher of the CHRISTIAN TELE-  
SCOPE AND UNIVERSALIST MISCELLANY, as  
the means of disseminating the principles of  
Universalism, and of subverting the deleter-  
ious effects of the numerous sectarian tracts,  
with which our land is at present comple-  
tely inundated, and which he conceives to be  
only calculated to poison the inquiring mind  
and to render it the passive, and depending  
subject of error, doubt and tormenting fears;  
proposes publishing by subscription, a month-  
ly pamphlet of 16 pages octavo, entitled

### THE GOSPEL PREACHER;

each number to contain two Original Sermons  
from the pens of living Universalist Ministers,  
and each designed to give a clear and full  
explanation of some passage of Holy-Scripture,  
and to explain the true principles of the  
Gospel as understood by Universalists.

This work will be issued on the most eco-  
nomical plan, so that it may be afforded at  
such a price, as to ensure its gratuitous cir-  
culation by such individuals as may be dis-  
posed to forward the important object.

### CONDITIONS.

The Gospel Preacher will be published on  
the first Wednesday of each month, hand-  
somely printed on fine paper, and neatly  
stitched in colored covers, and will be sent  
to subscribers at \$1 per year, in advance;  
and whenever 1000 subscribers are obtained  
the publisher pledges himself to reduce the  
price to 75 cents.

The work will be commenced as soon as a  
sufficient number of subscribers are obtained  
to warrant the undertaking.

Agents for the Telescope and Miscel-  
lany, are requested to use their influence in  
obtaining subscribers for the Gospel Preacher,  
and to act as Agents for the same.  
Every 5th copy allowed to those who ob-  
tain 4, or more subscribers, and become  
accountable for the same.

Subscriptions received by Asa Bartoa at  
the Oxford Bookstore.  
September 8th, 1827. 163

### JOHNSON'S AMERICAN Anodyne Liniment, OR, LIQUID OPODELDOC.

THIS most excellent preparation is com-  
posed of a number of the most powerful  
articles which the Materia Medica affords,  
several of which have never before been com-  
bined in any preparation, of this kind, and is  
considered, by good Judges, to be decidedly  
superior to any other Opoedolodoc. Externally  
it will be used with great advantage for  
sprains, rheumatism; for Strains, Bruises,  
Swellings; for Numbness, Stiffness, and  
Cramps, in the Neck, Back or Limbs. Sur-  
geons will find it an admirable application to  
dislocated joints and Fractured Bones, both  
before and after setting.

Internally it is used with the most happy  
effects for Asthma, for hard dry, spasmodic  
coughs attended with pain in the side, for  
Hooping Cough, for pains and soreness in  
the stomach and sides caused by lifting or other-  
wise, for suppression of the Urin, for Deafness  
which has recently occurred, and for pain  
and itching in the ears; a lock of cotton dip-  
ped in it and put into a painful tooth, gives  
immediate relief. It will be found to possess  
all the virtues of the British Oil, of the white  
or any other Opoedolodoc now in existence,  
while its power and effects are double to that  
of any of them.—Testimonies of its beneficia-  
l effects in particular cases might be multi-  
plied at pleasure, but the following respectable  
Certificate, are thought to be sufficient.

CERTIFICATE.  
I, the subscriber, do hereby certify, that af-  
ter having been troubled with a Rheumatic  
Affection for some years, I was attacked with  
a Gouty Rheumatism in all my limbs, to-  
wards the close of the year 1824, and was at-  
tended on for a number of weeks by two skil-  
ful physicians, without the least sensible  
benefit. My legs and thighs were almost as  
big as my body, and my hands and arms so  
much swelled, that I could neither turn in  
bed nor feed myself. While in this state,  
Dr. Johnson's American Anodyne Liniment  
or Liquid Opoedolodoc was recommended to  
me, and I commenced the use of it in Feb.  
1825—and the use of this Medicine, and a  
bladder roller three weeks, entirely relieved  
the pain and swelling of my limbs. During  
this time I used a bottle of Whitwell's Liquid  
Opoedolodoc on one limb, without any im-  
provement whatever. I attribute it to the bless-  
ing of God on this excellent preparation, that I  
am now out of my grave. I would say to the  
sufferer from Rheumatism, "Go, get it, and  
likewise."

Franklin, Sept. 12, 1826.  
We, the subscribers, having experienced  
the good effects of Johnson's American An-  
odyne Liniment in relieving obstructions of  
the water, do hereby give our testimony in  
favor of that excellent remedy in this painful  
complaint.

ELIZABETH K. MERCER, of Sullivan.  
ELIZA HOPE, of Franklin.  
SAMUEL BEAN, of Sullivan.

JOHN J. Wholesale and Retail by  
ASA BARTON, at the Oxford Bookstore, who is  
agent for the Proprietor; Also, by the Pro-  
rietor at Sullivan, Me. Ly the principal  
Apothecaries in the State, and by Wakefield,  
Smith & Co. 121, Washington-street, Boston.  
Oct. 12, 1825.

JUST received and for sale by ASA BAR-  
TON, Agent, A new and fresh supply of  
DR. LAGRANGE'S GENUINE GINSENG,  
for the cure of the SALT RHEUM, this Gin-  
seng is a safe and sure cure for the Salt  
Rheum, and Tinea Capitis, or Scald Head.  
Aug. 16.

### The Observer

Is published every Thursday, by  
ASA BARTON.

(FOR THE PROPRIETORS.)

at \$2.00 per annum, subject to a deduction of  
12 1/2 per cent. to all who pay cash within  
three months from the date of their subscrip-  
tion.

Advertisements conspicuously inserted  
three weeks at one dollar per square—less  
than a square, seventy-five cents. Legal  
Notices at the usual price.

No paper discontinued until all arrears are  
paid, but at the option of the publisher.

The Publisher deems it expedient to  
give notice, that, while he shall always en-  
deavor to be literally correct, he will not  
hold himself responsible for any error in an  
advertisement beyond the amount charged  
for its insertion.

02

VOL. IV.]

MIS-

THE

In a beautiful  
the river Avon,  
Stratford, the bir-  
tal Shakespeare,  
lent Quaker, na-  
rich, and his um-  
the villagers hap-  
miser of learning  
any of his fellow  
their station, ste-  
was therefore at  
ing a free school,  
children of the ne-  
educated; and ev-  
were given to the  
In their various stu-  
also proposed, and  
enough to expoun-  
ceived a sum of  
portion with the g-  
he had, or was lik-  
rents' consent; at-  
curred that any fa-  
ed their consent,  
asked if, he was,  
of his tenantry, a  
him.

In this village  
whose name was  
if his name was  
was a good nature,  
careless in his dis-  
corn did but grow  
in well, he was as  
long. If there can  
son, he contented  
the next would be  
had a mug of ale,  
ner after dinner, his  
world went on; w-  
rich or poor, at pen-  
er times were good  
same to farmer Ed-  
thing in good heart,  
Cicely ruled the ro-  
proposed, the far-  
sure, if these lik-  
Farmer Easy had

Gillian, a very pre-  
the whole village.  
noticed her modest  
proposed to her fat-  
she should become  
both highly delight-  
Dame Cicely was a  
with joy, to have his  
tress of the great ho-  
coach, and to be h-  
fine clothes; oh, I  
looked in the glass  
were the most com-  
plexion; and deter-  
on the day of her  
should be the gay-  
seen in the village  
would wear a pink  
blue silk gown, with  
scarlet ribbon on  
bows on her shoes;  
help thinking, if she  
years younger, and  
my sweethearts she

Dame Easy had  
for poor Gillian was  
tached to Lubin, an  
been brought up in a  
with his uncle. He  
sent of farmer and d-  
Gillian, who had ag-  
was now gone to the  
ask his father's conse-  
return, the wedding  
directly. Gillian con-  
thoughts of giving up  
young and handsome,  
was ugly and formal.  
for riches; she would  
cows and feed the pe-  
for her husband, than  
dy of the land with  
mother told her she  
Steady. Gillian belie-  
woman ever dared to  
cents; and she knew  
be obeyed, for her  
thing she bid him, and  
Gillian was taken to  
house, was dressed o-  
had masters to teach  
and servants to wait  
lman was very unhapp-  
she thought of Lubin,  
was always in tears,  
told Mr. Steady that  
loved another; still he  
return and find some-  
out of Mr. Steady's h-  
was but once the wil-  
then it would be her  
and no sin to disobey

Day after day she w-  
but Lubin did not return  
er began to taunt her  
unfaithful and had for-  
lman knew better; she  
was true; she was  
truth and in all her tr-  
constant; when she  
found the bad post, rep-